

# Good Morning

29

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## FIRST DAY FLAT

"FIRST Day Flat," read the chalked bills at the news-vendors' stands in Fleet Street. I remembered then that it was the first day of the new flat-racing season at Windsor, so I retraced my steps from the "Cheshire Cheese" and hastened to Waterloo. The 1.24, packed with sitting racegoers and standing workers, pulled in at Windsor at 2.11, and I found myself in the midst of a crazy mass of people screaming for taxis.

There were no taxis, so I started to walk. At the river bank I was surprised to see rows of small boats waiting to convey the impatient masses to the race track. I climbed in the nearest boat and we pushed off along our mile course. The boat was overcrowded and the captain was incompetent, so it was quite eventful. We had several very narrow escapes, and once, when I was fully prepared to jump for it, I heard some wag in the bows say, "I'm laughing my blooming 'ead off." I always think that unless people can manage a passable imitation they should keep quiet. On this occasion I thought that, too.

I looked up to see who was responsible for this very feeble and inaccurate imitation of Vic Oliver, and I saw—Vic Oliver!

HE was laughing his head off, too.

I sincerely hope his jollity survived an afternoon that, for him, was disappointing. (Tea-weed was unplaced in the first race, Ragberry didn't start, and his other entry, Salaam, was unlucky in not being placed in the fifth.)

We survived the trip, and eventually were called upon to perform the very precarious operation of disembarkation.

### The Prophetic Prince

The turnstiles clicked many thousands of times that afternoon, and the handful of car park attendants opened many more car and taxi doors than had been their pleasure for a considerable time.

Prince Monolulu was very jubilant, as were the majority of the fellows of the honourable calling of "giving away" winners.

Ambassadors from William Hill and David Cope were, I think, with hundreds of fellow

### I GET AROUND

By Ronald Richards

craftsmen, equally jubilant, and, I suspect, thankful that the real life was starting again and that, for a few months, anyway, they would be away from the hard work and small profits of the London dog tracks.



"Gordon's done it."

"FIRST day flat"—it certainly was. The rot set in even before the first race; a benevolent-looking old gentleman was searching everywhere for the pencil he had just dropped. "I can't mark my card now," he whimpered. I gave him my last blacklead pencil stub and walked away.

He shouted his thanks, and, after contemplation, decided to show his great appreciation in a more practical form, and he gave me a folded postcard.

### Tips Galore

"Three winners for you, old boy," he said rather pompously. Now, of course, it was my turn to be grateful, so I bought him a drink.

I made my first investment, and decided that I would ask the bookie to keep the winnings for the next race.

Something went wrong, though, and my first horse didn't get in first.

As a matter of fact, it didn't get in at all. But then, mistakes will happen, and my good friend wasn't to know his certainty was only running on three legs that day.

THE next horse, which was in the second race, was 100, to 1, so I appreciated that it was reasonable that the odds-on favourite should get in 200 yards in front. The third race started, and I was confident of making up for my losses and breaking the book. My friend's selection certainly was going to win this time. However, at the first bend the other 26 horses conspired and kept it behind. It was still there when they passed the post.

"Oh well," I thought, "the old boy will be as sorry as I am, and there are three more races." Having decided to try again, I finished my drink and strolled out of the bar. I walked right into my friend, who was sharpening my "Good Morning" issue pencil. He looked up and said, "Well, did you back the three winners I gave you?" I realised then that we were both mad, so I bought him another drink.

### Well in the Pan

I lost more money that afternoon than my expenses account will stand, but the fourth race made it worth while. Gordon had ridden a third and a second. Everybody at the meeting was waiting for his first win, and everybody was confident that Probation in the fourth race would be the right vehicle.

WITH a hundred yards to go, Gordon was scraping paint off the inside rail, and with him were the favourite and one other well-fancied horse.

At fifty yards a cup-final roar descended on Windsor and every unit of this record crowd screamed, "Get there, Gordon!" "Gordon, Gordon, Gordon!" "Go on, Gordon!" Then, "Gordon's done it!" as indeed he had, and with half a head to spare.

They tell me he got a double, but rather than risk walking home, I left before Scotch Mist prevented his jockey's brother from breaking his duck on Vidi.



The late Bert Hinkler at the end of a successful flight.

I've  
got a  
horse!



Picturesque and familiar figure of the race courses, Ras Prince Monolulu has given "certs" to King and Commoner, and has had a smile in return from both. Said to be Abyssinian, the "Prince" holds Danish citizenship.

## SALUTE TO ADVENTURE

By  
STUART  
MARTIN

WILL there be anything left for human beings to conquer after this war? It has become a commonplace to fly in the stratosphere, to penetrate jungles hitherto unknown, to sail seas hardly touched by normal sea traffic, to move below the surface of the oceans by submarine.

There is a ship's joiner on the Thames who intends to build a 25-foot boat in which he hopes to circle the world. Similar sea journeys have been done

already, but this one is expected to be unique, in that the adventurer hopes to find new and shorter routes in out-of-the-way places.

### Pioneer's Reward

What will be his reward? What has been the reward of pioneers of the past? About a century ago, Lieut. Thomas Waghorn, an employee of the East India Company, started from London to discover a new overland route to India. He took over four months on the journey.

But when he told his Company about the new route he was warned that he should mind his own business or he would be in danger of dismissal. Angry at the reception, he determined to establish the route—and when he had been working for years on it he found that his company had started an opposition service. For years Waghorn tried to get the Government to give him what he thought was his due; but he died insolvent and saddened. His widow, however, got a pension "on account of her extreme destitution."

### Not all Unlucky

Not all pioneers have been so unlucky. But many of them have been poor. Take Bert Hinkler, who set out by air to travel to India in seven days and Australia in a fortnight. Bert was so poor—although the public didn't know—that he went to many insurance agents to get an insurance that would give him a nice amount if his flight were successful.

The best offer he got was £2,500 if he reached Australia in 16 days. The premium was £150. Bert had so little capital that he decided to keep his premium for expenses on the way.

But he did the journey, and was in Australia only a few

days when the Australian Government handed him £2,000 and admirers gave him over £8,000. He had several jobs of importance offered to him as well.

### To make a Name

When Ruth Elder failed to fly the Atlantic, she nevertheless made money. Her object was frankly to "make a name." One music hall proprietor offered her £2,000 a week for a tour, and a film company wired her to "name her own price for a year's engagement."

When Capt. Kingsford Smith started out to fly from San Francisco to Brisbane he had just sixteen cents to his credit in the bank. His plane was mortgaged to the tune of £6,000.

### Mortgaged Plane Redeemed

Before he was four days in Australia the Government gave him £5,000, gifts rolled in to the amount of over £10,000, and he received a cable cancelling the mortgage on his plane.

Young Lindbergh, hitherto unknown, stepped out of his plane in which he flew from U.S.A. to Europe, and stepped into the position of a national figure in American life. He turned down many suggestions for making money, but he got many great rewards otherwise.

### The Lucky—and—

These were some of the lucky ones. When this war ends there will be many men, and women, who will want to continue the road of high adventure. But they had better be warned that for the few who have reached fame (and fortune) there is the counterbalance of very many who have stepped out to look for adventure and have ended up in oblivion—so far as reward is concerned. Still, let us salute them all!

## YOUNG ENGLAND

NOWADAYS one is not the least surprised to hear of amazing feats by centenarians—men who walk five miles a day, or grandmas who do the whole of the village washing just to keep their hands clean. These people are, in the main, retired from active life, but just cannot stay put.

Incidentally, their feats are small fry against the Scot who used to shut up his shop on Friday evening, walk forty miles to his home, and do the

return trip on Monday, staying in his shop through the week.

Believe it or not, he did it for exercise, and was not a shoe-leather tester.

Now the village of Highley, near Kidderminster, in Worcester, has hit the headlines with its recent employment of "juveniles."

The chairman of the parish council, Mr. J. Oakley Beddard, resigned from the chairmanship because he had reached the age of 76 and thought he needed a change.

The council accepted his resignation, and in due course appointed his successor.

Highley gossiped and speculated. Now, who would be the youthful successor?

Youth must be served. Highley now has as chairman of its parish council Mr. T. Brick... and his age, if you please, is seventy-nine!

For he who fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day;  
But he who courts and does not wed,  
Will find himself in court instead.  
Oliver Goldsmith  
(much revised).



## Periscope Page

# QUIZ for today

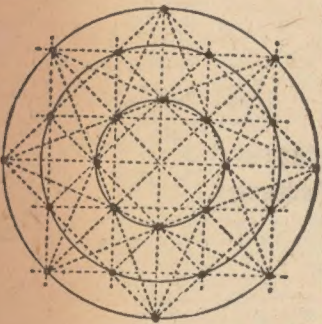
1. Which is further east—London or Edinburgh?
2. In what book does Dr. Primrose appear?
3. What English king played in county cricket?
4. What is a litter of pigs called?
5. Who first crossed the Channel by air?
6. What is a trampolinist?
7. Of what wood are briar pipes made?
8. Pick out an "intruder" in the following list: Bridge, chess, eucure, umber, bezique, ombre.
9. Complete this quotation correctly: "A little — is a dangerous thing."
10. What is spermacetti?
11. Who was the first Prime Minister of England?
12. A wood-louse is a—crustacean, insect, worm, beetle, grub?

## WANGLING WORDS

"WORD Wangles" is a general title for puzzle features relating to words and letters. "Word-ladders," acrostics, rebuses, and similar devices, might be included, as well as such oddities as words and sentences which read the same backwards and forwards.

- 1.—Have you ever heard of a "match-stick" word? It is one in which all the letters are made up of straight lines. THAT and MINIKIN are two examples, and there is at least one consisting of 13 straight-line letters. How many can you think of containing six letters?
- 2.—Which of the following words are mis-spelt: Linament, Salient, Dessicated, Accomodation, Seige?
- 3.—Can you change the word TANK into the word BOWL, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word at each alteration? Change in the same way: WARD into HOME, POOR into RICH, PAIN into WELL.
- 4.—How many words of four or less letters can you make out of the word INDISCRIMINATE?

### Answer to Spot the Dots



## HEARD THESE?

In a school for naughty and wayward boys there was a class for retarded youngsters, and new boys, on entering the school, were tested here.

On one occasion the teacher was putting a new boy through his intelligence tests, and asked him, "How many ears has a cat?"

"Two," replied the boy. "And how many eyes has a cat?" he continued.

"Two," was the reply again.

"And how many legs has a cat?" went on the teacher.

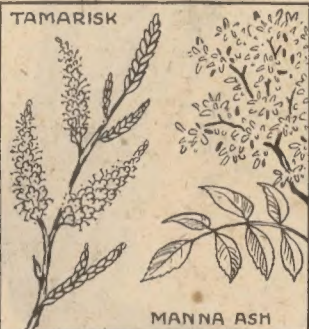
"Blimey, sir," replied the boy, "ain't you never seen a cat?"

## Little Weather Mysteries—3 When it Rains Food

IT rained fishes three inches long at Longreach, Queensland, in 1924, and in 1936 a small shower of snakes fell in Bengal. Showers of caterpillars—and even rats—have been reported.

Records of such showers in Britain go back long before the well-attested rain of wheat in Ireland, in 1021 A.D. We have had showers of toads, fishes, sticks, and "honey-dew"—whatever the 14th century reporter meant by that.

In 1932 the people of Hitchin were startled by some huge fluffy balls drifting through the air at a height of 500 feet. A little later there was a fifteen-minutes' shower of hay over the town, though the sun was shining in an almost cloudless sky.



Plants which yield "manna."

In 1937, it rained hens over a town on the Dutch frontier, while the hens at the neighbouring town of Landsmeer vanished.

The classical case is the rain of manna which fell on the hosts of Israel in Sinai, but the most remarkable was the shower of 65 different species of fresh-water creatures from Africa, which fell on the decks of Darwin's ship, "Beagle," while she was off Brazil.

The answer to all these queer storms is the "whirlwind" which is a loose term covering sandstorms, waterspouts and tornadoes. These are all circular eddies in the air, like the vortex where the bath-water runs out, and in effect they are nature's vacuum-cleaners.

Sometimes a locally-heated patch of ground causes a column of air to rise. Wind blows in from all quarters to fill up the void, but as it blows in spirally it never reaches the centre, but circles round it to form a long, invisible, vacuum tube.

This may suck up anything from a handful of dust to a ton of roofing-tiles; it may raise many tons of sea-water in a slender column that reaches the clouds. When at last the eddy subsides and the vacuum fills up, it drops its fish or hens or houses, often many miles from their place of origin.

A tornado travels at about 30 m.p.h., but the whirling air within it may reach 200 m.p.h. So powerful is the vacuum caused that buildings sometimes explode outwards, and people are suffocated.

The manna of the Israelites, and the various falls of "honey-dew" reported in this country, probably consisted of flaky scales of dried sap. A patch of tamarisk or a copse of manna ash might supply a whirlwind with several hundredweight of valuable food, in the right season.

The manna ash is cultivated in Italy for the sake of the sweet yellow sap it exudes. This dries in the air to form light, porous flakes. Certain species of tamarisk, which behaves in the same way, grow wild on the east coast of England.

The dugong came up to the surface of the sea to breathe from time to time. Its wound had not weakened it, for it moved along with extreme rapidity. The boat, rowed by vigorous arms, flew on its track. Several times it approached to within a few cables, and the Canadian made ready to strike; but the dugong escaped by a rapid plunge, and it was impossible to reach it.

Ned Land's anger may be imagined. He launched the most energetic oaths in the English language at the animal.

They pursued it thus without ceasing for an hour, and I was beginning to believe that it would be very difficult to catch it, when the animal was taken with an unfortunate idea of vengeance that it was destined to repent. It turned upon the boat to assail it in return.

This manoeuvre did not escape the Canadian.

"Attention!" said he. The coxswain pronounced several words in his strange language, and he was doubtless warning his men to keep on their guard.

The dugong stopped within twenty feet of the boat, roughly took in air with its vast nostrils, situated, not at the extremity, but at the upper part of its snout; then, taking a spring, it rushed upon us.

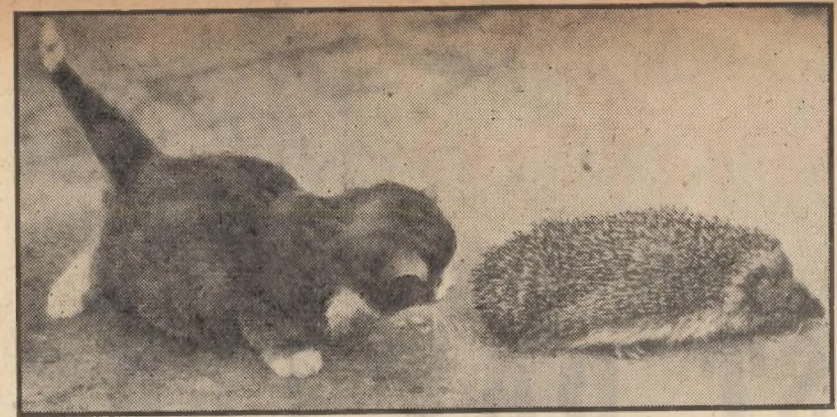
Fame is the thirst of youth—  
but I am not  
So young as to regard men's  
frown or smile.

Byron.

The boat could not avoid the shock; half overturned, it embarked one or two tons of water we were obliged to empty; but thanks to the skill of the coxswain, it righted itself. Ned Land, clinging to the bows, belaboured the gigantic animal with blows from his harpoon; the creature's teeth were buried in the gunwale, and it lifted the whole thing out of the water like a lion can a roebuck. We were thrown over one another, and I hardly know how the

## JANE

"...CORNUCOPIA IS A SMALL BUT IMPORTANT STATE IN MIDDLE EUROPE—KNOWN AS THE LAND OF PLENTY!—UNHAPPILY THE PREMIER, HERR HAGEN, HAS STRONG FASCIST TENDENCIES—"



Give it a name

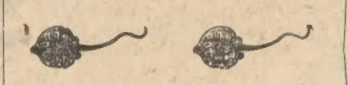
Lets have the best title your crew can devise for this picture

# NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

adventure would have ended had not the Canadian, still enraged with the beast, at last struck it in the heart. I heard its teeth grind on the iron plate, and the dugong disappeared, dragging the harpoon with it. But the barrel soon returned to the surface, and a few instants afterwards the body of the animal appeared, turned over on its back. The boat went up to it, took it in tow, and rowed towards the Nautilus.

They were obliged to use tackle of enormous strength to hoist up the dugong on to the platform. It weighed 10,000lbs. They cut it up under the eyes of the Canadian, who wanted to follow all the details of the operation. The same day the steward served me at dinner with some slices of flesh skilfully prepared by the ship's cook. I thought it excellent, superior to veal, if not to beef.



The next day, the 11th of February, the pantry of the Nautilus was enriched by some more delicate game. A flight of sea-swallows swooped down on the Nautilus. They also took some dozens of Nile ducks, wild birds of delicious flavour.

The speed of the Nautilus was then moderate. I noticed that the Red Sea became less and less salt as we drew nearer to Suez.

About 5 p.m. we sighted the Cape of Ras-Mohammed. The Nautilus entered the Straits of Jubal, that lead to the Gulf of Suez. I distinctly perceived a high mountain between the two gulfs. It was Mount Horeb, the Sinai at the top of which Moses saw God face to face, and which the mind pictures as incessantly crowned with lightning.

At 6 p.m. the Nautilus, sometimes floating, sometimes submerged, passed by Tor, seated on a bay, the waters of which seemed of a reddish tint, as Captain Nemo had said. The night fell in the midst of a deep silence, sometimes broken by the cries of the pelican and other night birds,

the noise of the waves beating on the rocks, or the far-off panting of some steamer beating the waters of the gulf with its noisy paddles.

From eight to nine o'clock the Nautilus kept at some yards below the water. According to my calculations we were very near Suez. Through the panels of the saloon I perceived the rocks lighted up by our electric light. It seemed to me that the passage grew gradually narrower.

At a quarter-past nine the boat went up again to the surface, and I ascended to the platform. Impatient to go through the captain's tunnel I could not keep still, and wanted to breathe the fresh air of night.

Soon, in the darkness, I perceived a pale light, half-discoloured by the mist, shining about a mile off.

"A lightship," said some one near me.

I turned and recognised the captain.

"It is the Suez lightship," he continued. "We shall not be long before we reach the orifice of the tunnel."



"It cannot be very easy to enter it."

"No. And I am in the habit of keeping in the helmsman's cage to direct the manoeuvre myself. And now, if you will go down, M. Aronnax, the Nautilus will sink under the waves, and will not come up to the surface again

Continued on Page 3.



## Bottle Exchange

FROM the London bottle exchange, which is near Blackfriars Bridge, many millions of bottles are returned home every year.

All kinds of bottles are collected by the agents, and the sorters, who detect the name and locality of the owner with

a swift glance, dispatch bottles to something like three thousand firms throughout Britain.

There is a special department for stoppers, and the "throwers," as they are called, are equally skilled in sorting. A good thrower can sort as many as two hundred stoppers an hour.

"—BUT WE HOPE THAT JANE MIGHT EXERT HER CHARMS TO PERSUADE KING KONRAD TO COME IN ON THE SIDE OF DEMOCRACY!—"



"—HE IS—HRRM!—A RATHER SUSCEPTIBLE YOUNG MONARCH!—SO YOU SEE WHY JANE MUSTN'T BE MARRIED..."



"HUMPH!—I SEE WELL ENOUGH, COLONEL!—BUT WHAT PART DO I PLAY IN THIS ROMANTIC MISSION? PROVIDE THE LIPSTICK OR CHANGE THE GRAMOPHONE RECORDS?"









# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



## This England

They've had their lunch, of course, but they always come up to old John the plowman for that tasty morsel of cheese (off their ration but on John's) which rounds off a mid-day break.



## SEQUEL !

'Didn't I tell you to keep out of our park in No. 28 of 'Good Morning'—well, once again, SCRAM !'

# She wrote it—



### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Hope that dog doesn't think he's going to get off the page this way."



We asked her how she would title this picture of herself. She said, "Tell the submariners that I am waiting for the day when this picture can be taken again—when the boy who will take it is back home here to hold the camera—tell them that what we think of them would make them blush, because we know that the last thing they can take is our thoughts of their efforts. They're too modest for words."